



WHO WENT TO THE PROM—AND WHY

"Hello," said the voice on the telephone. "This is Werther Sigaloo. I sit next to you in psych. I'm kind of dumpy and I always wear a sweat shirt."

"I'm afraid I don't remember you," said Anna Livia Plumbelle.

"I'm the one whose lecture notes you've been borrowing for two years," said Werther.

"Oh, yes!" said Anna Livia. "What do you wish, Walter?"

"Werther," said Werther. "What I wish is to take you to the Junior Prom next April."

"But this is November 27, Weston," said Anna Livia.

"Werther," said Werther. "Yes, I know, but you are so round and beautiful that I was afraid you might have a date already."

"As a matter of fact I do, Wingate," said Anna Livia.

"Werther," said Werther. "Oh, drat!"

Anna Livia did not really have a date, but she was expecting to be asked by Stewart Stalwart, athletic and BMOC, handsome as Apollo, smooth as ivory, wearer of faultless tweeds, smoker of Marlboro cigarettes which even without his other achievements would stamp him as a man with know-how, with a pleasure-oriented palate. If you think flavor went out when filters came in, try a Marlboro. This one brims with zest and zip and the good, mild taste so dear to those who smoke for the pure joy of it. Get yourself a pack of Marlboros and listen to your friends say, "There, by George, goes a smoker who knows a hawk from a handaw."

But I digress. Anna Livia waited and waited for Stewart Stalwart to ask her, but two days before the Prom, to everybody's amazement, he asked Rose-of-Sharon Kinsolving, a non-descript girl with pavement-colored hair and a briefcase.



Anna Livia immediately phoned Werther Sigaloo. "My Prom date has come down with a dread virus," she said, "and I have decided to accept your invitation, Waldrop."

"Werther," said Werther. "Oh, goody ganders!"

The next day Anna Livia received a phone call from Stewart Stalwart. "My Prom date has come down with a dread virus," he said. "Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," she said and promptly phoned Werther and said, "I have come down with a dread virus and cannot go to the Prom with you, Whipstitch."

"Werther," said Werther. "Oh, mice and rats!"

So Anna Livia went to the Prom with Stewart and who do you think they ran into? Rose-of-Sharon with Werther, that's who!

Stewart had felt obliged to ask Rose-of-Sharon because she always did his homework, but she had waseled out because she really wanted to go with Werther with whom she felt a great oneness because they were both so dumpy. He fell wildly in love with her at the Prom, and today they are married and run a very successful five-minute auto wash in New Bern, N. C.

Anna Livia and Stewart are happy, too. They are still juniors and have not missed a prom in sixteen years. © 1960 Max Shulman

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We hope you'll be smoking Marlboros at your prom—or if you like mildness but you don't like filters—Philip Morris—from the same makers.



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